

## HAMPTON CAMPAIGN.

A Paper Read Before Wade Hampton Chapter, U. D. C. by the Historian, Miss Harriet Earle Sloan.

Columbia State.

During the campaign of '76 your historian resided in Anderson and was present at the great demonstration that greeted Hampton's first appearance before the people.

Between the distinguished leader and the people of this progressive county, there was always a feeling of mutual regard.

They had contended, as he had, for a self-respecting adherence to party and principle, when many in the State were advocating the formation of a fusion ticket with Chamberlain.

Anderson was the home of true Democracy. The first county club and the first Democratic club in the State were organized here and the Anderson Intelligencer was the first paper boldly to advocate the nomination of a straight ticket. It was appropriate therefore that the first meeting of the campaign should be held under these auspices.

The good people of the town and county were painfully aware of the responsibility that rested upon them in giving the meeting a brilliant send-off.

Many preparations were made and much discussion was held. One of the principal matters discussed was whether or not the women and children should be allowed to attend the meeting. It was feared that the negroes would be incited by their white leaders to create a disturbance and, in such an event, the presence of women and children would be greatly embarrassing.

On the other hand, it was considered unsafe to leave them unprotected at home and moreover they were all anxious to go to see and hear Hampton. So as fate or providence always brings it about the dear creatures were allowed to have their way.

Having carried this point, the women were determined to take a hand in making the meeting a success. Many of them met in an informal way, and agreed to decorate the stand from which Hampton was to speak and to make all the arrangements as elaborate as their limited means would allow. The place selected for the meeting was a beautiful grove in the grounds of the old Johnston university. The stand was erected and the seats were arranged near one of the brick buildings, which, in the event of a disturbance, the women were instructed to occupy.

The day before the meeting the ladies of the committee, the young ladies and young gentlemen of the city and many interested spectators were promptly on hand to go to work. Wagon loads of evergreens were hauled to the grounds and wreaths, garlands and festoons were quickly ready to be placed.

The top of the stand was covered with canvas and the floor was carpeted. A gable end was arranged, the front of which was covered with white cloth on which were marked in green letters the words, "Tilden and Hendricks; Hampton and Simpson," with appropriate mottoes under each.

Across the front and sides were entwined 38 wreaths representing the number of States then in the Union. Over the centre of each wreath was placed a strip of white with the name written in green letters. A somewhat larger wreath representing South Carolina occupied the centre of the stand and from this floated a State and a national flag.

Smaller flags were dotted about in all the other wreaths and the effect of the whole was quite inspiring. Gar-

lands and festoons were placed wherever a place could be found and a tall pyramid of flowers was most artistically arranged on a table occupying the centre of the stand.

During the day the ladies were greatly complimented on their handiwork and Hampton was touched by this expression of their sentiment and patriotism.

Bright and early on the day of the meeting people were seen streaming into the city from all directions. Every available vehicle was brought into requisition regardless of appearance. All railway trains were filled to their utmost capacity. It was estimated that there were 6,000 people present. The procession was two miles long and was headed by the Pendleton clubs, uniformed in red shirts. These took the eye of the crowd and before the day was over every woman in the county had to set to work to make a similar garment for some man or boy.

As the procession prepared to move, some young men unhitched the horses from Hampton's carriage and, taking the pole in their own hands, drew it to the stand. This also pleased the crowd and again and again the welkin rang with "Hurrah for Hampton."

Many distinguished guests were present and there were several speakers.

When Hampton rose to speak the cheers were so prolonged that it was several moments before he could make any attempt to be heard. Then all was perfectly quiet for the people were anxious to hear what Hampton would say. He had no reputation as a speaker and nothing surprised his most intimate friends so much as the abilities which he displayed in that campaign. He had the direct and simple oratory of the soldier. He used no rhetorical expressions, no grandiloquent phrases, neither did he tell jokes or seek to amuse, but went straight to the subject in hand and his words were convincing from their simplicity and earnestness. He used pure and flexible English and his speeches read as well as they were spoken. Though the gist of his argument was necessarily the same his speeches were always varied. He had the happiest faculty of seizing upon any little local incident or tradition and using it with most dramatic effect.

His voice had a resonant quality and though he seldom spoke above a conversational tone, he could be distinctly heard by the vast crowds that faced him. Prof. Mears Davis stated that Hampton told him that on one occasion he spoke to 11 acres of buggy umbrellas. Those who had no experience of these meetings can never conceive of the intensity of the excitement and enthusiasm which prevailed. The campaign of '76 was, in reality, the climax of the many dramatic events that have occurred in the State. Never before in her history was there exhibited such depth and intensity of feeling, such vividness of color, such picturesque scenes, such transcendent issues. The humiliation of defeat in a just cause, the poverty and sufferings which they had undergone, the sudden release from enforced inaction, the importance of the issue at stake and their determination to win or die in this contest had wrought the people up to a point of frenzy.

The appearance of Hampton among them aroused all their enthusiasm. His splendid physique, his soldierly bearing, his approved courage, his noble dignity, the earnestness and simplicity of his speech bespoke a leader whom it would be safe to follow. The people idealized him. He was the incarnation of this sentiment, the representative of the State, the day-star of all their hopes, the deliverer who was to save them from a condition that was worse than death.

Moreover, his coming among them awoke hallowed memories in which he and they had an equal share. Women clung to him and wept as they thought of the noble boys who had died following his banner, grizzled veterans wrung his hand while tears ran down their cheeks, young men and maidens crowded about to look with admiring gaze upon the famous soldier, little children were lifted up for him to kiss; verily no mortal man was ever so much a god as was Hampton. Napoleon, in the hundred days of his return to France, received no such ovation as this. Gen. Lee himself was never such an idol to his troops as was Hampton to the people of his native State. And amid all this adulation and excitement, Hampton kept on his course like the needle to the pole.

Though he treasured to the end of his life a letter from Gen. Lee telling him that if he had been at Appomattox with his Carolinians the result would have been different, he was in this contest only an unassuming citizen, struggling with his fellows. As he himself expressed it, "Not only to maintain the existence of the State, but for everything that made life worth living." He never once lost his poise, never once lost his grip on the minds and hearts of the people. While it is true that anything he said or did was acceptable to them, it is equally true that he did not say or do anything which had to be palliated or excused.

Though he was a silently appointed dictator, whose simple word was law, he never once transgressed his authority. Though there was not a man in the State who would not willingly have gone to his death shouting "Hurrah for Hampton," his hands were not stained by one drop of his people's blood. Though he might have had for the asking anything within the gift of the people, he refused to accept at their hands his ancestral home, which had fallen into the possession of the Radicals. The time honored Bayard of France was not more deservedly a chevalier "without fear and without reproach" than was Hampton.

The ladies of Anderson were interested in watching how the other counties in the State followed the standard which they had set for the campaign.

Each county vied with the last in honoring their chosen leader.

Floral decorations were exhausted in the effort to arrange something new and striking. Dramatic effect reached its culmination in Orangeburg, where a beautiful girl, dressed in black, was chained to the floor of the stand. When Hampton came on he broke the shackles which bound her wrists and lifted her up. At his touch the mourning habiliments fell from her shoulders, and, dressed all in white, she smilingly took her place among her 12 sisters, who, also dressed in white, were waiting to receive her.

That was enough. Allegorical representation could go no further. The enthusiasm of the people leaped all bounds. Moreover, it was an auspicious omen. Henceforth it was felt that victory had perched upon the banner of Hampton.

What—No Fashions?

There is a fashion in vogue among certain newspaper writers these days to do away with fashions. They are writing some very interesting material, but up to the present time we have seen no progress they have made. That they have hit upon a bright idea, however, not one of the millions of American bill payers will deny.

This idea of having changing fashions, and new clothes styles every season just for the benefit of the tailor, the modiste or the milliner is peculiarly American, and the inhabitants of the older countries all say we will grow out of it some day. It is pleasant to reflect on the prospect of some day having but one style for women's clothes, and that a never-changing style, isn't it?

Consider the women's fashions in other lands, if you please.

Let's go to lands where there is sunshine, for bill payers, where the average husband smiles seven days a week and keeps his bank account intact without earning a family reputation of being a tightwad.

In China the fashions never change. Just roll those words over your tongue and laugh. Always know that that country had a grand future! In Japan the fashions never change. Glorious land of the orient, and three cheers for Mutsuhito! And those cute little Jap women always look so well, too. They are pictures of contentment. This is a fine country.

In India and European Turkey women's garments have undergone practically no change in five centuries.

Among the Laps the costumes of women have undergone no change in a thousand years.

In Norway, Sweden, parts of Spain and even in Italy, the wonderful story is the same.

And tourists will tell you that the women are good to look at and that happiness seems to abound everywhere.

What these United States need is a national costume, something that would retail for about \$7.49 and wear like iron; something that would arouse pride and leave some money with which to meet the installments on the automobile.

The costume for American women need not be the sheepskin of the Russian, or the mantilla of Spain. No one expects the women to wear Dutch clogs or Turkish trousers.—Atlanta Journal.

WILLIAM'S KIDNEY PILLS. Have you neglected your kidneys? Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your kidneys and bladder? Have you pains in the loins and back and head? Have you a sallow appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? Then frequent desire to pass urine? If so, Williams' Kidney Pills will cure you. Sample Free. By mail 50c. Sold by Owl Drug Co., Anderson, S. C. Williams Mfg. Co., Proprietors, Cleveland, Ohio.

## Willing To Retire.

A certain prosy preacher recently gave an endless discourse on the prophets. First he dwelt at length on the minor prophets. At last he finished them, and the congregation gave a sigh of relief. He took a long breath, and continued: "Now, I shall proceed to the major prophets." After the major prophets had received more than ample attention, the congregation gave another sigh of relief. "Now that I have finished with the minor prophets, and the major prophets, what about Jeremiah? Where is Jeremiah's place?" At that point a tall man arose in the back of the church. "Jeremiah can hays my place," he said. "I'm going home."—San Francisco Argonaut.

## A Peach of a Talker.

A fly salesman dropped in on one of our young business men the other day, carrying in his hand a finely polished oak cabinet. "I want to sell you a peach of a talking machine," he said.

"Got one," replied the young business man.

"What kind?" was asked.

"The best kind on earth," was the response.

"Where did you get it?" was the next question.

"Married it," said the y. b. m., and the salesman hiked off to look for a victim elsewhere.

## A Royal Wedding.

London, May 13.—Princess Ene's wedding cake, which was made here, was completed Saturday and packed for shipment to Madrid. It will be the first royal wedding cake ever seen in Spain.

The English custom was introduced by King Alfonso as a compliment to his bride. The cake is six feet high and weighs more than 340 pounds. The cake consists of three glistening silver white tiers and is forty-six inches in diameter at the base.

The lowest tier is divided into eight panels, separated by Corinthian columns, and is surmounted by Cupids, disguised as postmen and messengers. Spaces between the columns are filled with panels of sugar work, representing Spanish vines.

Mr. Bryan May Be a Candidate?

Chicago, May 11.—A dispatch to the Tribune from St. Louis says: M. C. Wetmore, a personal friend of Hon. W. J. Bryan, who is in Egypt, received a letter in which Mr. Bryan said: "I am satisfied that the things I have been fighting for are coming, but who will be most available in 1908 is a question that cannot be answered now. I shall not do anything to secure another nomination, and do not want it, unless circumstances seem to demand it. Time alone can determine that." This is the first authoritative statement of Mr. Bryan's attitude toward the presidency in 1908.

The letter is personal, and his comment on the national situation is more interesting to the public from the fact that it is the frank utterance of a party leader to a confidential friend.

Common sense is none too common.

Gardeners ought to know when it is bedtime.

The world seldom thinks well of a man who does not think well of himself.

Take enough love with you to lighten your labor, and still have enough left to light the way home.

To him who is right with his heart the world is never wrong.

We must delight in sacrifice to win success.

In olden times the Egyptians had a cemetery, which they considered sacred.

Air is a meal of which we are constantly partaking—hence it should always be pure.

It is well to remember the fact that it takes only a single vote to pass a good resolution.

There is a language of flowers, as, for instance, when a barefooted man steps on a thistle.

It is supposed that a hen lays an egg because she can't stand it on the end.

A society bud hopes she will never bloom as a wall flower.

Many a pleasant lawyer is compelled to do the cross question act.

Never judge the contents of a woman's head by the size of her hat.

Time is money—and that is the only kind a miser is willing to spend.

If you get all your knowledge out of books you might as well leave it there.

Only a strong-minded woman can preserve fruit and her temper simultaneously.

The average woman could no doubt keep the wolf from the door with her voice—if the wolf wasn't deaf.

A man who kills time slays his own character.

Some people appear to be proud of their ignorance.

It's up to the tramp steamer to dodge police boats.

Praise men and flatter women and you will have many friends.

## Their Absence Explained.

During an acrimonious debate in the house shortly before the civil war Mr. Potter of Wisconsin made some very sharp strictures on Mr. Pryor of Virginia. The result was a challenge from Pryor to fight a duel, which Potter promptly accepted, naming as terms bowie knives at five paces, terms which he well knew Pryor would not dare accept, as he was a small man, while Potter was a large, powerful man and familiar with the use of the bowie knife. Pryor declined on the ground that the proposed terms were beneath the dignity of a gentleman to accept, and so the matter ended. But on the day following the challenge, while the result was still unknown, both Potter and Pryor were absent during roll call, and when Potter's name was called a Quaker member rose and in mild voice said, "Mr. Speaker, I am informed that the gentleman from Wisconsin had a Prior engagement." And when Pryor's name was called a moment later he rose again, saying, "Mr. Speaker, I hear that the gentleman from Virginia has gone to be as clay in the hands of the Potter."

## Double Thinking.

Professor Jastrow, writing in the Popular Science Monthly of the causes of certain lapses of speech, recalls the singular power that Sir Walter Scott, among others, possessed of conducting two trains of thought at the same time. The power highly developed in the writer enables a person subconsciously to find words expressing a thought already formed while at the same time shaping the next thought period in conscious preparation. An instance is given by Scott's amanuensis, who relates that while dictating the novelist would sometimes search through a book, finding and reading a passage, and thus keeping two trains of thoughts going simultaneously. The amanuensis discovered the fact that Scott was doing double work in his brain through the occasional occurrence in the dictation of a word which did not fit in the sentence, but four or five lines farther on the place where the word belonged would turn up.

## Candlelight.

Hail, candlelight, without disparagement to the sun or moon, the kindest luminary of the three, if we may not style thee radiant, put, mild vicerey of the moon! We've to read, talk, sit silent, eat, drink, sleep by candlelight. And everybody's sun and moon. This is our peculiar and household planet. By the midnight taper the writer digests his meditations. By the same light we must approach to their perusal if we would catch the flame, the odor, Night and silence call out the stately fancies. Milton's "Morning Hymn in Paradise," we would hold a good river which is to be effected at night, and Taylor's rich description of a sunrise smells decidedly of the taper. Even now a loftier speculation than we have attempted courts our endeavors. We would indite something about the solar system. "Betty, bring the candles."—Charles Lamb.

## A Useless Model.

An English manufacturer of pottery is the subject of a joke told in the Liverpool Post. While on a continental tour he purchased a Sevres vase for some hundreds of pounds and brought it home most carefully. Thinking that the foreman of his works might gather a hint from the design he called that gentleman in and showed him the treasure. "How do you like it?" he asked. The foreman took the vase in his hand, turned it over and returned it with the brief reply, "I don't think I can learn much from it." "Why not?" asked the manufacturer. "I don't like telling you, sir." "Come. Out with it." "Well, I designed that vase myself. It is a foreign imitation of our own work and is worth 25 at the outside."

## Will He Tell Judgment Day.

There is a shivery, shivery legend among the people who live along the Hudson river which is to the effect that: that stream is the overlying boiling waters of a specter who is personified as Ramhoun Van Dam. Away back in colonial times Ramhoun and his friends were drinking until late at night. Finally this man Ramhoun started for home, some distance up the river, in his boat, swearing that he would row the distance if it took "a month of Sundays." Ramhoun never reached home, and the superstitious people say that he has been condemned to row till judgment day.

## His Daughter.

A gentleman who was once stopped by an old man begging replied, "Don't you know, my man, that fortune knocks once at every man's door?" "Yes," said the old man, "he knocked at my door once, but I was out, and ever since then he has sent his daughter."

"His daughter?" replied the gentleman. "What do you mean?"

"Why, Miss Fortune."

## The Usual Way.

"Do the blanks manage to keep up appearances since they lost the greater part of their fortune?"

"No. They don't bother about appearances. They just use what little money they have to make themselves comfortable."—Detroit Free Press.

## A Change.

Old Gentleman (pointing to lanky youth at his side in the train car): "Much for this boy—half fare. I suppose? Conductor—Well, no. He looks as if he was kept on half fare at home, and needs a change. Full fare, please."—London Answer.

## His Mistake.

Robert—Why did you ask her to marry you? Harold—Well, I thought she was sensible, but I found she didn't accept me!

—Elophars have to learn running away with a wife is easier than running away from one.

—If you want to be interesting, don't talk much about yourself.

—If we had more good heavens, we would have more good sermons.

—The United States District Court has ordered the sale of the Union steam mill May 22. The open price is \$1,239,337.25, which is three cents in the dollar.

—Required to deposit a check of \$100 for \$25,000 building before.

## What the Hen Does.

We are frequently—too frequently—told of the great things men do; how they dig into the earth or build upon the earth or dam up the waters and irrigate the earth, but human enterprises of which we boast so much sink into insignificance when compared to the records achieved by the ordinary hen.

The cackle of the hen that has laid an egg is modest and unobtrusive compared with men's noisy bluster about their business.

But in proportion to the noise made, the hen has the far more genuine substance.

In two months she lays more value than the annual production of all the gold mines of the United States.

Every three months she produces more than the year's production of pig iron.

Her eggs for six months are worth more wealth than the capital stock of all the banks in the New York clearing house.

In less than two years she could pay off the national debt.

The annual report of the secretary of agriculture shows that last year the eggs of the United States were worth more than the cotton or the wheat, more than all the potatoes, the barley, the tobacco, the sugar cane and the rice. They practically equal the dairy product and are surpassed only by the corn crop of a bumper corn year.

And the hen made a new record last week. On one day there were received in New York over 40,000 cases containing 15,125,000 eggs. The hen's business for one day in one city amounted to \$250,000.

## Couldn't See Him.

An Ohio man tells of the sad case of a young fellow, the son of a wealthy Toledo manufacturer, who against his father's wishes insisted upon going to Chicago to make his way, whereas the parent desired that the son train himself in the Toledo business house. At first the lad did very well in the larger city but it was not very long before he was making urgent appeals to his father for financial assistance. To these the old gentleman, who had himself been trained in a hard school, turned a deaf ear. Finally the desperate boy wired his father in these words, "You won't see me starve, will you?" The man's reply came in the form of the following telegram: "No, not at this distance." Then the boy decided to return to Toledo and go to work for his old man.—Harper's Weekly.

## Thought He Lost His Head.

A gentleman while taking a ride with his groom, had the misfortune to have himself and companion thrown violently to the ground by his horse taking fright and running away. The gentleman was not seriously injured, his principal loss being that of his wig, which had been shaken off, but he found Pat in a much worse condition, with the blood trickling from his head and holding his master's wig, which he was surveying with the utmost alarm and horror. "Well, Pat," said his master, "are you much hurt?"

"Hurt is it? Oh, master, do you see the top of my head in my hand?"

Pat in his terror and confusion had mistaken his master's wig for his own natural scalp, and evidently thought that his last hour had arrived.—London Telegraph.

Waiting works wonders—if you keep busy while waiting.

One satisfaction a widow has about her husband is she knows he cannot stay out all night.



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